LOWELL DECL. EX. 15

Exhibit 123

SHATSKY-002812-T



The *Istishhad* [death as a martyr] of the Commander of the Abu Ali Moustafa Brigades in Qalqilya, Raed Nazal



The event's date: 26 April 2002



Raed Nazal "Abu Asir", commander of the Abu Ali Moustafa Brigades, fell as a *shahid* [martyr] after a heroic battle against invading occupation troops that raided more than ten places in search for the *shahid* [martyr] and his wanted comrades. When the troops tightly besieged the group, the *shahid* [martyr] asked his comrades to withdraw and fought the battle alone during two hours in order to provide a cover for his soldiers. The murderers did not manage to kill him except with remote bombs that turned his huge body into a warrior legend of sacrifice.

Words fail us!

This is the title and the first line of the poem of Ahmed Matar, the aching poet, in which he lamented the Arab nation and the entire human race. He wrote this poem as an elegy of the *shahid* [martyr] of the poor, the late artist Naji al-Ali.

We quote the title and "other things" from Matar because words fail us most when we talk of the *shuhada* [martyrs]. Even if we overcome this difficulty and start talking as we do now, what is the use of words?!

The answer was written by the burning tears and by the blood of the *shuhada* [martyrs], the prisoners, the injured and the chased sons and daughters of our people, who spent years of toil and sacrificed for the sake of the homeland and for its people's freedom and dignity.

SHATSKY-002813-T

We say this in the presence of the *shuhada* [martyrs]...

We write this not in order to immortalize them, as their memory is immortal regardless of our wishes, but rather in an attempt to reward them some of what they deserve.

Raed Nazal was a revolutionary, a prisoner, and a chased leader, who was glorious in every sense of the word. These words were prepared by the comrades and loved ones of Raed, and we only edited, reordered and added some words.

Raed - this great word [Raed in Arabic means "pioneer"] was not only a name but also the reality of his struggle and life. If you look for a word to describe him with, you will not find a word more suitable than this.

Socially, he had a big heart and a warm, tender personality that likes to cooperate, help and give the oppressed back their rights.

He took care of the problems of his surrounding more than he cared for his own problems. In his struggle he embodied a great legend of belonging and of warrior's values since he was a little boy.

Since he was thirteen-years-old until the day he fell as a *shahid* [martyr], he never parted from the slogans of struggle, both in his words and in his actions. While he was a prisoner and after his release, he always carried the weapon of struggle and internal growth in order to implement his famous words "I will not be a slave of this phase, and I say openly that I will not accept this humiliating position because I have one life only and I will live it in dignity".

Personal Information:

Full name: Raed Mousa Ibrahim Nazal

Date of birth: 1st June 1969

Family status: Married to the warrior lawyer Fatima Mohamed Da'na and has a son named Asir [the meaning of Asir in English is "prisoner"], because the prisoner movement was sacred to him and he was attached to it with all his senses.

Rank: Member of the central committee of the PFLP's branch in the [West] Bank, leader of the Abu Ali Moustafa Brigades in Qalqilya, officer in the Palestinian National Security Forces with a Major rank, and a Lieutenant Colonel in the Abu Ali Moustafa Brigades.

His Struggle Record:

[www.pflp.ps/note.php?id=110. Site accessed on July 25, 2012]

SHATSKY-002814-T

- He was arrested for 25 days when he was thirteen years-old.
- He was arrested for thirteen months when he was fourteen years-old.
- He was sentenced to five years when he was fifteen years-old on charges of his membership in the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, throwing improvised explosive devices and setting cars of collaborators on fire.
- Half a year before the end of his five year sentence, he killed a collaborator in the Jenin Prison and was sentence to life in prison.
- He was released from prison in a prisoners' exchange deal on 9th Sep1999.
- He resumed his struggle since the first day of his release. He was elected as a member of the leadership of the Qalqilya region, and participated as an active member in the Sixth National Conference of the Popular Front. He was elected as a member of a central committee in a [PFLP] branch. In addition to his activities in the Abu Ali Moustafa Brigades, he established a theatre and a music band, and dedicated many efforts for establishing the Women's Committee. He also helped publish the writings of some of his imprisoned comrades.

Raed, a man of views:

Boundless are the views that one can describe, as Raed was a man well-known for his brave positions, magnanimity and sacrifices. For Raed, a man is judged by his views; to be or not to be. He lived his entire life according to this belief, paying a price for this but still happy and content. He did not care for his personal difficulties, and was content to have acted according to his conscience and beliefs.

What a great soul he had! The most beautiful of his characteristics was that he believed that improving the world and reforming it is a personal mission that one should pursue even if he is the only one in the entire world with this revolutionary ideology. When you say to him: "This is difficult", "this is impossible" or "there is no hope for reform" he would say: "We have to try over and over again. Nothing is impossible for me".

When Raed was a child he had many dreams, and when he grew up he fulfilled his revolutionary dreams enthusiastically. He did not stop for a single moment, and some described him as a "kettle that keeps on boiling". O Comrade, do not tire yourself out, kindle the fire of anger and the fire of revolution and sacrifice deep in yourself. Make miracles because glory is not made of air bubbles, but is drawn from your depths as did the conqueror Saladin. You win victories, you create honor. You cannot but be like this, because you fight off death by death. O man of views, of which view shall we talk?

SHATSKY-002815-T

Ahmed Sa'adat wrote about him the following: The *shuhada* [martyrs] are mentioned in the pages of our history as letters and words dyed with blood and lines knitted from their shredded bodies. The Palestinian leaders, and I am one of them, should be inspired at every turn and position by the legacy of the righteous *shuhada* [martyrs] and to be stronger and more committed to the cause and position. Every time we feel weak or have doubts we can look back at their legacy and find something to enrich and light our path and to lead us to the certain victory.

Why did I choose these words to describe my comrade Raed Nazal? I chose these words because there is an urgent need, created by the requirements of the current phase, especially after the aggressive attacks of the cowboys and their British allies, [who invaded] the region through the gates of Iraq with the purpose of promoting the culture of surrender and of imposing it by force. They promote this culture under attractive names such as realism, wisdom, and fending yourself against the storm, and other terms that our ears got accustomed to and fed up with. Therefore, I found it necessary to quote and explain the noble phrases of an artist, a writer, a creative warrior and a *shahid* [martyr] so that the advocates of the reality of surrender should not attack them.

Look at the life of my comrade the leader *shahid* [martyr] Raed Nazal and you will find the answer. You will see that the beliefs are harmonious with the deeds and all are together in the melting pot of "the cause and the position"! The type of *shuhada* [martyrs] and field leaders that Raed Nazal belonged to is easy to understand. You do not need complicated philosophic or literary introductions in order to describe them. You can get used to him and befriend him in less than a minute. When he leaves you need to meet him again, you even miss him. His childhood has features of a serious manhood, and his manhood has features of innocent and pure childhood. I even do not exaggerate when I say that his rudeness stems from a nice spontaneity that does not offend. His shadow, his whispering voice, his light steps, his echoing laugh and his restrained anger leave an imprint. His conduct simply and effortlessly shows his human traits.

While the human traits of our comrade, friend and beloved Raed were so simple that you could easily read and understand them within minutes, and even seconds, the characteristics of his warrior personality were even easier to understand. When I first met him he was like a lion cub in a group of comrades of his generation. I can say that they were identical in their conduct, [sense of] belonging, motivation, courage and willingness to learn and develop. However, to tell the truth I have to mention that he was the most distinguished in his commitment and diligence. Between my first acquaintance with Raed when he was a lion cub taking his first steps in struggle and in the science of revolution and my second meeting with him after his release from the prison he had changed into a motivated, educated member. He became an eloquent and even offensive speaker who used polished, powerful words. He was about 14 years-old.

SHATSKY-002816-T

I was not surprised when I saw that the same lion cub I saw previously had become a cultivated person full of motivation, enthusiasm and humor. He looked sixteen and not thirty; he did not rust, and did not grow old or sick. He remained a strong young man full of energy and willingness to sacrifice. He got involved in his mission immediately after he fulfilled his duties towards his comrade prisoners. He cared for them and paid the bill of promises that he made when he parted from them. He was the best in fulfilling his duties. He opened his arms to the warrior missions of the party, both the simple ones and the most complicated. Then came the glorious Intifada and opened new horizons for him and awakened his potentials and his revolution to fight and struggle. He was a courageous ironman who never knelt. His head remained held up high and his eyes remained fixed on the sun that rises on the walls of Jerusalem. He fell as a *shahid* [martyr] while gripping his ideologies and positions in one hand and the trigger of his rifle in the other hand.

Raed taught his enemies and friends, the educated and the simple people, that he is not a supernatural giant but a human being. When human beings release their abilities they turn into giants. So what shall we say about a people that reflects a union of individuals and groups, which emerge as a distinguished social fabric?

At last, before I finish my words and kneel for this courageous leader, I have to make the picture complete and say: Raed would not have turned out as he did had he not grew up in a family and a society that helped form his personality and gave him the elements of strength.

His mother was full of feelings, while his father was strict yet kind in his treatment. When you talk to the father you feel warmth, comfort and love feelings veiled in respect and dignity. His sisters were all strong but full of rich feelings and strong sense of responsibility. The society where he grew up has features similar to those of his family. And last his strong, intelligent wife Fatima who shared a life with him and parted from him smiling and aching at the same time although they were married for only a year or a bit more.

To this family that I had the honor of befriending;

To Asir, who bears all the characteristics of his leader *shahid* [martyr] father;

I say: Your father left you physically, but he is present in his views and in you.

The prisoners' sheikh [literally: old man], Abu Rif at, Mohamed Nu'eirat – Raed's companion

He was the oldest prisoner in all prisons. When Raed first met him he was strong, stubborn and with a sense of humor.

SHATSKY-002817-T

Raed loved him and accompanied him during the entire period he spent in prison. When the Sheikh got sick Raed treated him as if he were his father. He took care of him in all aspects for years, and when Abu Rif'at suffered from Alzheimer that comes with old age, he could not recognize the majority of people he knew except for Raed, who remained present in his imagination. How could he forget the person who gave him water, fed him and helped him relieve himself while singing to him as a mother sings to her little baby?

Raed, or "Abu al-Nazal" as Abu Rif at used to call him, was stronger than Alzheimer in the brain of the Sheikh. When the Sheikh was released more than one hundred people, including his closest friends, came to meet him. He sat there silent not recognizing any of them. Then one of Raed's sisters came to greet him, telling him her name. Suddenly he became so happy like a child and talked and asked for two long hours about "Abu al-Nazal" and his imprisonment with the most accurate details. How could he not remember the youthful blood that provided him with love, warmth and tenderness as if Abu Rif at was back in his mother's womb?

Abu Rif'at cried when he heard the news about the *istishhad* [death as a martyr] of Raed. We wonder, what kind of tears were those that wetted the face of the Sheikh?! Nobody knows the answer or can answer this question except for Raed himself.

Raed's Last Message

He heard the loudspeakers of the army calling on him to surrender, mixing with the sound of the bullets and exploding missiles. He was besieged in a small square - in the stairwell. The stairs for him are linked to childhood dreams, while the sounds of war are linked to the dreams of rebellious revolutionaries. It seems that this is your last battle, warrior. Aircrafts are flying in the sky and vehicles are surrounding the area. There is no escape. The army is few steps away from you. Only a wall protects you from their bullets and protects them from your bullets.

It is very courageous and of sacrificing nature to be the weak side in an unequal battle. It requires an *istishhadi* [of martyrdom] decision like that of Guevara.

Raed wished that the chased people would not hide when the army came. He said: When will we go out and face these tanks with rockets instead of hiding in houses and groves? But he had no rockets or tanks. All he had was a Kalashnikov rifle, few cartridges and a grenade. But he survived for hours...

He bravely resisted death. He fired short bursts from his rifle and stopped the advance of the soldiers. Then he went back to his hiding place where Asir, Fatima, his father and all his beloved ones waited for him.

Case as a 3-1902 12/2052 2015 12 Procedure 1261 326-23 1e File 113/125/24 ag Bay 8 f 9 19

[www.pflp.ps/note.php?id=110. Site accessed on July 25, 2012]

SHATSKY-002818-T

He encouraged them and told them not to be afraid.

The shadows of Asir and Fatima passed in his imagination. He remembered that he went home secretly in the afternoon of that day, had a shower and changed his clothes. Then he left pictures of Asir and the wedding dress on the bed and went out.

He smiled and remembered how he insisted on his wife returning home from university yesterday. He said that he missed her and Asir and that he wanted to be with them even for only one hour although this meant that afterwards she should do the difficult way back to the university. He insisted like a child: "I want you. That's it".

Did he know that he will soon meet his fate?!

No, that will not be the end. Raed, real heroes have no end. He gathered his strength, approached the handrail and fired at the army again. Sounds of explosion mixed with the voice of Asir calling: Dad! He pictured Asir in his mind before his body was shredded by shrapnel. The words of Asir "Dad is a hero" keep echoing, creating glory and light that light our road.

Original



Wednesday, July 25, 2012

إلى أسطوره نضالية في التضحية والفداء والتواصل.

لتغطية على جنوده ولم يتمكن القتلة منه الا بقذائف عن بعد لتحول جسده العملاق

🥫 الحرية للمناضل جورج ابراهيم

مجلة الصدف على الانترنت

©

مدف - العدد 1451 -



بطولية مع قوات الاحتلال الصهيوني حيث اقتحمت قوات الاحتلال الغازية أكثر من عشرة مواقع للبحث عن الشهيد ورفاقه المطاردين وحينما أحكم الطوق على ستشهاد قائد كتائب الشهيد أبو علي مصطفى رائد نزال " أبو أسير" بعدِ معركة لمجموعة طلب الشهيد من رفاقه الانسحاب، وخاض المعركة بنفسه طوال ساعتين ما أصعب الكلام !!! كانت تلك بداية وعنوان القصيدة التي رثا فيها الشاعر الموجوع احمد مطر الأمة لعربية والإنسانية جمعاء، عندما كتب في رثاء شـهيد الفقراء الفنان الراحل ناجي

ا الح

ď

דיסני איר⊪

🗖 مقالات وآراء 23 يوليو 23

نقتبسَّ من مطر العنوان " وأشياء أخرى " حيث ليس أصعب من الكلام في حضرة الشهداء عن الشهداء.. حتى لو خرجنا من تلك العقدة، وبدأنا الكلام كما نفعل الآن يبقى السؤال المر عالقا في الحلق..ما جدوى الكلام !!؟

عتبات الوطن فداء لعيون حريته وكرامة شعبه .. الإجابة فقط خطها الشهداء والأسرى والجرحى والمطاردون من أبناء وبنات شعبنا المكافح دموعا حرى ودماء غالية وسنوات من الكد والشقاء ، وحياة قدمت على

🔽 مجلة الهدف - كل الحقيقة للجماهير

(<u>†</u> 1.0

تاريخ الحدث :: 26-04-2002

👨 بيانات وتصريحات صحفية

الثانوية العامة وتشيد بتفوق الطالبات



قبل نهاية الِخمس سنوات بنصف عام قام بإعدام احد العملاء في سجن جنين وحكم عليه مجدداً بالحكم المؤبد. عتقل وهو في الرابعة عشرة لمدة ثلاثة عشر شهراً ثم يتحرير فلسطين وإلقاء زجاجات حارقة وحرق عدد مِن سيارات العملاء. عتقل وهو في الثالثة عشرة من عمره لمدة 25 يوماً. عتقل في الخامسة عشرة لمدة خمس سنوات على خلفية عضوية الجبهة الشعبية

واصل مشواره النضالي منذ اليوم الأول لتحرره من الأسر، حيث انتخب في قيادة تحرر من الأسر في صفقة تبادل أسري في 1999|99. منطقة محافظة قلقيلية وشارك كعضو فاعل في المؤتمر الوطني السادس للجبهة لشعبية وانتخب كعضو لجنة مركزية فرعية، وإلى جانب عمله في كتائب الشهيد أبو

علي مصطفي عمل على تأسيس فرقة فنية للمسرح والغناء وبذل جهداً كبيراً في

بناء لجنة المرأة وساعد في صدور إصدارات للرفاق في الحركة الأسيرة.

رائد رجل المواقف :

والشهامة والتضحية، الإنسان عند رائد موقف، إما أن تكون أو لا تكون، تلك هي ما أعظم روحه...!! أجمل شيء لديه انه مقتنع بعمق أن مهمة إصلاح وتغيير العالم مهمة شخصية تقع على عاتقة حتى لو كان الرّجل الوّحيد في العالم الّذي يحمل هذا الإيمان الثوري.... وعندما تقول له: هذا صعب أو مستحيل أو لا أمل في الإصلاح.... ما أكثر المواقف التي يمكن للمرء الحديث عنها، فرائد معروف برجل المواقف الشجاعة قناعاته التي عاشها طوال حياته.. تلك القناعات التي كان يدفع مرات كثيرة ثمنها غالبًا وتجده مسرورا ِغير عابيء بالنتائج الشخصية، لقد أرضي ضميره وقناعته. يقول لك " ينبغي أن نحاول ونجاول، لا شيء مستحيل في نظري".

َّ (ائدُ الطفلُ كَانَّ يحملُ فَيُ رأسُه أحلاماً كبيرة، وعَندماً كبر، مارس أحلامه الثورية بحرارة وتوقد ولم يتوقف لحظة واحدة، حتى إن البعض وصفه "بالمرجل الذي يغلي طوال الوقت"... لا تتعب يا رفيق، أوقد في أعماق ذاتك نار الغضب ونار الثورة ونار أعماقك الثائرة كما الناصر صلاح الدين، وتصنع النصر أو تصنع الشرف.. كيف لا وأنت من دفع الموت بالموت.. يا رجل المواقف فأي مواقف سنكتب عنك؟ . لتضحية، واجترح المعجزات، فالمجد لا يصنع من فقاقيع الهواء، إنما تستله من

كتب عنه احمد سعدات قائلاً:

الشهداء لا يمرون في صفحات تاريخنا إلا حروفاً وكلمات معمدة بالدم وسطوراً

نسجت من أشلائهم الممزقة فالعقل القيادي الفلسطيني، وأنا واحد منهم ينبغي أن يستلهم عند كل موقف و

منعطفٍ، بمأثرة الشهداء الأبرار، وانَ يزداد صلابة وتمسكاً بالقضية والموقف، وَ كلماً

المحتم.

للنطر

ساور أحدنا الوهن أو الشك فثمة في مواقفهم ما يغني وينير لنا الطريق و يقودنا

لماذا اخترت ما سبق من كلمات للحديث عن رفيقي رائد نزال ، لقد اخترت هذه لرعاة البقر الأمريكية وأتباعهم البريطانيين على المنطقة عبر بوابة العراق، لتسوق لكلمات لان هناك حاجة ماسة ولدتها حاجات المرحلة، خاصة بعد الهجمة العدوانية

رنانة باسم الواقعية والحكمة والانحناء للعاصفة، و غيرها عبارات الفتها وعافتها آذاننا، فكان لا بد من التذكير بشرح عبارات نبيلة من فنان وآديب ومناضل مبدع وشهيد حتى

ثقافة الهزيمة وتعرضها بالقوة، وتساعد العديد من مروجي هذه الثقافة تحت عبارات

لا يتطاول عليها أحد المدعين من أنصار واقعية الهزيمة. ُنظروا إلى حياة رفيقي الشهيد القائد رائد نزال ففيها تجدون الجواب، حيث نجد

صارمة، و فِي رجولته ملامح طفولية تكثف البراءة والنقاء والشفافية، ولا أبالغ حين صوته ودبيب مشيته، و رنة ضحكته أو غضبه المكبوت تترك اثراً، فهو باختصار يطرح في انسجام النظرية مع الممارسة في بوتقة "القضية و الموقف" !! كان نموذج وطراز الشهيد القائد الميداني رائد نِزال "أبو أسير" سهلاً ويسيراً ولا يحتاج لوصفه أو سبر غوره مِقدمات معقدة فلسغية أو أدبية، تألفه وتصادقه بيسر خلال اقل من دقيقة معه، بعد أن يغادرك تحتاج بل تشتاق للقائه، ففي طفولته معالم رجولة أقول حتى أن فظاظته تصدر عن عفوية محببة للنفس ولا تثير الغضب، فطيفه وهمس

وتحفظها عن ظهر قلب في دقائق بل ثوان، فان ملامح شخصيته النضالية أكثر يسراً وأسهل استيعابا، عرفته شبلاً في إطار مجموعة من الرفاق من أبناء جيله،أقول إنهم والتطور، لكنه إنصافاً للحقيقة كان الأكثر تميزا في ثباته واستمراره، و بين لقائي الأول برائد الشبل المبتديُّ في النضال وانتهال العلم الثوري ، ولقائي الثاني به بعد أن تحرر من الأُسر كادراً معبأ ومثقفاً متكلماً وخطيبا بل متطاولاً بعبارات مصقولة وعميقة، كان وإذا كانت السجايا الإنسانية لرفيقنا وصديقنا وحبيبنا رائد بهذا اليسر والبساطة تقرأها عمره ما يقارب الأربعة عشرة سنة، ولم أفاحاً حين وجد هو نفسه الشبل الذي غدت سلوكه إنسانيته وغناها دون تكليف. كانوا توائم في السلوك والاندفاع والانتماء والشجاعة والاستعدادات والقابليات للنمو

عادي، بل إنسان، وان الإنسان حين يطارد ذاته فلديه من الإمكانات التي إذا تحررت تحوله ألي عملاق، فماذا نقول عن الشعب الذي يعبر عن اتحاد الأفراد والمجموعات الإنسانية عضوية اجتماعية متميزة؟؟ و أخيراً وقبل أن انهي كلمات هذه المقدمة، وانجني أمام هامة هذا الجندي القائد ثقافته مصقولة هو نفسهِ الذِي رأيته قبل هذه المدة أول مرة في اندفاعه وحماسة ودعابته واستعداداته، و أكاد أقول أن عمره مإ زال سِيتة عشر عاماً وليس ثلاثون، فهو قابضاً على جمرات العقيدة والموقف والمبدآ بيد، وعلى زناد الرشاش باليد الأخرى . هذا هو رائد يؤكد للأعداء و للأصدقاء، للمثقفين والبسطاء، انه ليس عملاقاً خارقاً غير وانخرط في مهامه بسرعة بعد أن أنهى واجباته نحو أسر رفاقه الأسرى الذين يحمل همومهم ويسعى لتسديد فاتورة الواجب الذي تعهده لهم آثناء وداعه لهم، وكان خير من حمل الواجب وفتح ذراعيه لمهام النضال في الحزب مستعداً لها من ابسطها إلى لم يصدا ولم يهرم ولم يمرض وبقي شامخاً شاباً يتدفق حيوية واستعداداً للعطاء، للنِضال والقتال، فكان مقداماً ورجلاً فولاذياً، لم تنحن ركبتاهِ، وظل رأسه مرفوعاً إلى كثرها تعقيداً، و جاءت الأنتفاضة المجيدة لتفتح له آفاقاً رحبة ولتفجر إمكاناته وثورته لأعلي ،وعيناه مصوبتين نحو الشمس المشرقة على أسوار القدس، فإستشهد

في قسماته صلب شفاف ولطيف في معاملته، تحدثه فتشعر بالدفء والراحة ومشاعر الحب الموشحة بالهيبة والاحترام، و أخوات جميعهن بين الصلابة وغني شخصيته، واكتسب منها عناصرها ومقوماتها، فقد ولد لأم تتدفق إنسانية، واب صارم لم يتعد السنة أو يزيد عنها بقليل. لأسرة سمات تتقاطع مع سمات آسرته، وأخيراً زوجته فاطمة الصلبة الذكية الإنسانة لمقدام والشجاع، وحتى أكمل دائرة الحقيقة أقول: ما كان لرائد أن يمتلك هذه لعظمة ويستحق هذا التقدير لو لم ينشأ في كنف أسرة ومجتمع ساعد في تكوين لمشاعر الإنسانية والانتماء العالي للواحب، وفي المجتمع العائلي الذي تخطى لتي شاطرته الحياة وودعته وهي تبتسم وتعتصر الألم، على الرغم من أن زواجهما

لهذه الأسرة التي تشرفت بصداقتها... لأسير الذي يحمل في ذاته كل مقدمات سجايا والده القائد الشهيد.. أقول : ذهب أبوك عنا بجسده لكنه ظل حاضراً بمواقفه مضافاً إليه أسير شيخ المعتقلين أبو رفعت، محمد نعيرات رفيق درب رائد

كان الأكبر سنا في كافة المعتقلات، عندما التقاه رائد كان قويا ذو مراس وروح مرحه،

فأحبه رائد وظل مرافقا له طوال فترة اعتقاله، وعندما الم المرض بالشيخ الجليل، ِتخذه رِائد أبا، وقام على رعايته بأدق التفاصيل الشخصية لِسنوات، حتى عندما ُصيب أبو رفعت بمرض "الزهايمر" المرافق للشيخوخة.. نسبي أبو رفعت معظم الناس لا رائد ظل ماثلا في مخيلته.... كيف ينسى من أسقاه وأطعمه وقضى حاجته وهو

رائد أو أبو النزال كما يناديه أبو رفعت أقوى من مرض "الزهايمر" في دماغ الشيخ، عندما تحرر أبو رفعت من الأسر كان "الزهايمر" قد نال منه كثيرا، وفي حفل ومن اقرب المقربين له وهو صامت لا يعرف أحدا حتى جاءت شقيقة رائد للسلام عليه وعندما سمع اسمها الكامل، فرج كطفل وطوال ساعتين يتحدث ويسأل عن "أبو في عروقه الدفء والحنان والمحبة والإخلاص كما لو أن "أبو رفعت" عاد إلى بطن أمه. يغني له فرحا كما تغني الأم لطفلها الرضيع. لقد بكي آبو رفعت عندما سمع باستشهاد رائد، تري آي نوع من الدموع تلك التي بللت وجه الشيخ ؟! الاستقبال، كان ما لا يقل عن مائة شخص جالسين ومنهم من كان من أعز أصدقائه لنزال" وسجنه بأدق التفاصيل، فكيف ينسى الشيخ دماء الشاب المتوقد الذي ضخ

الرسالة الأخيرة لرائد :

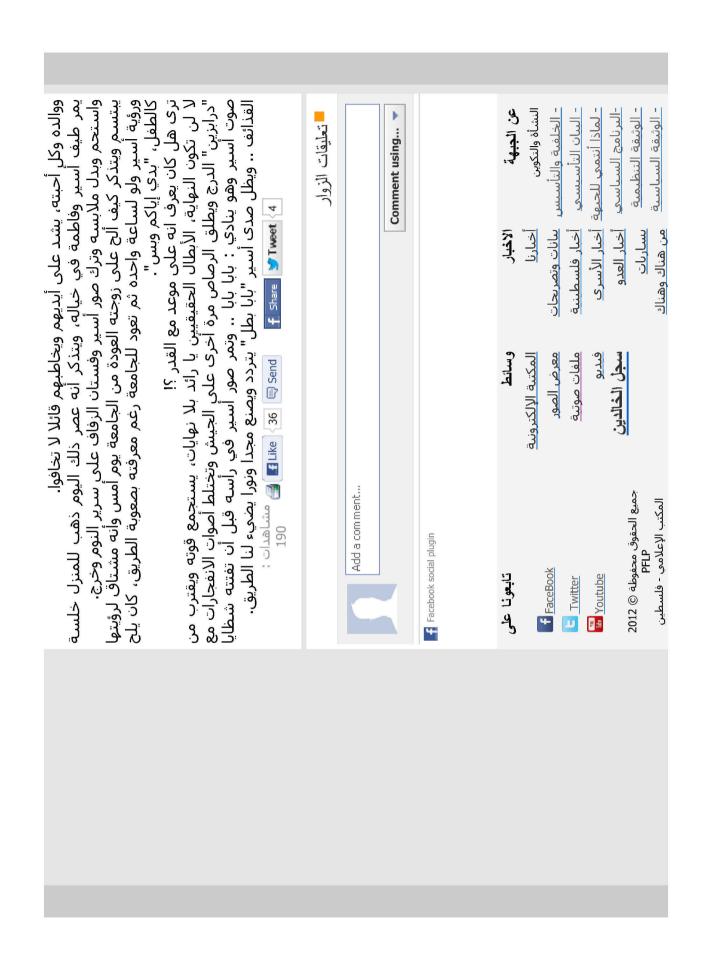
لا يعرف أحد الإجابة أو أن يجيب، سوى رائد نفسه،

صوت سماعات الجيش ينادي ويطلب الاستسلام ويختلط بصوت الرصاص وانفجارات رصاصاتكم المتبادلة. أي منفذ للانسحاب، الجيش يبعد عنك خطوات، جدار واحد يحميهم ويحميك من لصبا ، وصوت الحرب يختلط بأحلام المتمرد الثائر، يبدو أنها موقعتك الأخيرة أيها لمحارب، الطائرات تحلق في السماء والدبابات والدوريات تطوق كل المنطقة ولم تترك لقذائف وهو محاصر في مربع صِغير – مطلع درج -..الدرج في ذهن رائد يختلِط بأحلِام

والتضحوية ويحتاج إلى قرار استشهادي من الطراز الجيفاري أُن تكون نُدا في معركة لا ندية فيها من ناحية عسكرية، أمر في منتهى الشجاعة

والآن لا يملك صواريخ أو دبابات... كل ما يملكه بندقية "كلاشنكوف" وبضع مخازن سنخرج لمواجهة هذه الدبابات بالصواريخ بدل من الاختباء في المنازل والبيارات. وقنبلة يدوية ولكنه صمد ساعات. كان رائد قبل ذلك يحلم بان لا يختفي المطاردين عند دخول الجيش، وكان يقول متى

كان يدفع الموت ويؤجله بشجاعة نادرة وتنطلق من رشاشه دفعات قصيرة من الرصاص تمنع الجنود من التقدم، ثم يعود إلى مكمنه حيث ينتظره أسير وفاطمة



Wednesday, July 25, 2012

Wednesday, July 25, 2012